TRANSFIGURATION.

They were but mortals, common clay,
Until one strange, sweet, solemn day—
Expound the mystery who can—
A swift thrill through their pulses ran,
A look like lightning in its play
Flamed in their souls with fervid ray,
And God descended in their way,
When she a woman, he a man,
Awoke to love.
And all the world, erewhile so gray,
In rainbow splendors round them lay.
For them the universal plan
Held Eden in its magic span,
And heaven came down to earth when they
Awoke to love.
—Anne L. Muzzey in New York Sun.

HARTWOOD'S GAME.

Lord Hartwood prided himself upon his strength of character. His daughters said that he was as obstinate as a mule. His neighbors privately opined that a more pigheaded elderly gentleman had not been seen on earth in recent times. These were all different ways of saying the same thing—that when the noble earl had once made up his mind to a certain course he was more difficult to turn than a rusty windlass.

Of this trait no one should have been better aware than his eldest son, Lord Fawnton, who had had excellent opportunities of studying the parental character for a quarter of a century or so. Not the least curious part of the whole story, however, was that it all came as a surprise to him. When he first slipped off the narrow line of conduct which his father had marked out for him, by implication if not by actual precept, it had never occurred to him that this derailment would be more than a temporary episode. It would be easy enough, he thought, to return at any time to the iron route of filial obedience and to condone the omissions of the past by lavish conformance in the future. A balance would thereby be struck and the life journey continue without prejudice, as the lawyers say, on each side.

In which conclusion he forgot two important factors—first, that it is one thing to return from a husk gathering excursion alone, but quite another to propose to bring with you a fellow passenger, and, secondly, his father's most salient characteristic.

Now, Lord Fawnton's proposal to marry Mrs. Sainton interfered disastrously with his parent's pet plan. This was to unite the lands of Crock Castle to those of Hartwood, with which they "marched" for miles, by the marriage of his heir to the only child and heiress of old George Jargontoste, who had made a fabulous fortune out of patent floor cloth and had sunk a portion of it in the purchase of Crock from the Hernbys, who had owned it for centuries.

When, therefore, Lord Fawnton, after sowing a fair crop of wild oats, announced his intention of marrying a Mrs. Sainton, the widow of an Indian officer, who was a few years older than himself and possessed a small pension which would die with her, Lord Hartwood, ex-diplomatist though he was, flew into a violent rage.

"Understand this!" he shouted, almost foaming at the mouth. "I will not hear it. I will be no party to it in any way. If you marry this woman, not one of the family shall be present at the wedding. I will never receive her. You shall not have one penny while I live, and, though I can't interfere with the entail—worse luck!—I will leave every other penny that I possess to the girls. Now you know, and you had better let her know, too, and see if she will take you on these terms."

Mrs. Sainton was the typical femme a trente ans. She knew life and was a past mistress in the art of managing men. India is an excellent school in which to pursue these studies, and when one is badly "left" proficiency in them comes in useful. She was undoubtedly handsome.

When Fawnton explained to her, using a certain discretion in style, the scene which had taken place between his father and himself, she saw at once that the position was extremely serious. It demanded the exercise of far more tact and a greater command of strategy than Fawnton was capable of. It was part of her creed that she could get round any man if she could only get at him. Therefore she was bent on winning Lord Hartwood over. Of course if this programme absolutely failed there would be nothing for it but to marry in defiance of him, and if the horrid old man persisted in his threat of cutting off supplies—well, Fawnton could easily raise money on his prospects. This would be horribly expensive, especially if the father lived long, and it was not by any means the plan she would have preferred, but it was not likely that she was going to give up such a chance simply to please a bad tempered elderly gentleman, or that, once married, she would be content to remain in poverty when she ought to be living in affluence.

She did not speak so plainly to Fawnton. She affected to be quite overcome by his news and bemoaned the unhappy fate which made her a cause of strife between father and son.

"It does not make a bit of difference to me," protested Fawnton stoutly. "You are the one woman in the world to me, and 20 fathers wouldn't make any difference!"

"Dearest boy," she said tenderly, "but I must think it over. After all, fathers have been harsh before now and have come round in the long run. Let me see if I cannot think of some plan."

"What a head you have!" said Fawnton in admiration. "Why, I believe that if the governor could come across you incog., as it were, without knowing who you were, he would be so fascinated that he would withdraw all his opposition at once."

It was with an affectionate smile that Mrs. Sainton received the caress of her youthful lover, but at that moment she was a prey to the disquieting thought that all her valued cleverness and experience had not enabled her to hit off so promising a scheme as this which her "far from clever" swain had flashed out without a moment's thought and but little appreciation.

"I dare say I shall think of something, dear," she observed sweetly, for it would not do to let him think her brain was not equal to any emergency. She believed that she held him half at least by his belief in her superior cleverness.

How it exactly happened will never be known, for Mrs. Sainton was essentially an opportunist, not prone to reveal her plans and ready to grasp all that was in her favor as the direct result of her own farsighted methods. One thing is quite certain—that Mr. Combermere was an old friend and admirer of hers, one who was far too clever to allow her to marry him for his money, and yet had a confused kind of sympathy and pity for her which made him ready to do her a good turn when she appealed to him; also that Mrs. Sainton had no scruples about asking for a favor if she thought that that was the surest way to obtain it.

Moreover, Mr. Combermere was quite above any dog in the manger-ish form of petty jealousy and certainly did not grudge Lord Fawnton the prize which he had purposely abstained from himself. Therefore when he invited the lady to the luncheon party which he gave in the city on Lord Mayor's day to see the procession and did not request the further pleasure of the company of her fiance it may be assumed that he was acting strictly in accordance with Mrs. Sainton's wishes.

What actually happened was this: Lord Hartwood, who had known Mr. Combermere for years and was a regular guest at this entertainment, found himself planted between two ladies, one of whom was a typical stout dowager, while the other was a good looking, youngish woman of decidedly smart and attractive appearance. Lord Hartwood had been a gay dog in his youth, and he retained a good deal of the Lothario in his widowerhood. Perhaps that was why he did not marry again. He "went for" the younger lady.

He found out that his anticipations were not balked. The stranger was lively, animated and disposed to be both entertained and entertaining. Whereupon the old gentleman bristled up all his feathers, thought himself quite young again and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Of course, however, the inevitable self introduction followed.

"Oh, dear," cried the lady, with a clever little moue of pretended dismay, "to think that you should be Lord Hartwood! Why, I am Mrs. Sainton."

Lord Hartwood in turn was evidently startled.

"The lady whom my young cub"—

"Yes—whom you"—

There was a moment's silence.

"How unlucky!" murmured Mrs. Sainton quite pathetically. "And I was just going to ask you to call."

"Confound the young cub!" said the father testily. "I was just about to ask your permission."

There was another brief silence.

"Must it be war to the knife?" inquired Mrs. Sainton in her softest and most appealing tones, with that upward glance through her eyelashes which she regarded as her most effective weapon. "Can't you come and see me as a friend? I couldn't marry your son without your consent—now—and you might find me different from what you expected."

"I find you charming as a friend," said Lord Hartwood slowly and deliberately. "As a friend I could not wish to find you different in any way. I can quite understand my son's infatuation. What I cannot understand is—pardon me—how you can throw yourself away on a cub like that."

"You mustn't say that," replied the lady, with reproving eyes. Then she turned these orbs to the ground and, with a little sigh, continued, "And so I suppose we can't be friends."

Unlike Mrs. Dombey, Lord Hartwood could make an effort.

"Let us swear a truce for six months," he said. "I will suspend my decision. You will delay your marriage. Meanwhile we will be friends, and who knows— Only when I come to see you my cub—I mean Fawnton—must not be there."

"Agreed," replied Mrs. Sainton, with her most fascinating smile. "And you can come and see me on my at home day, Sunday, or, if you like, I could be at home tomorrow, say about 6, and we could talk privately then."

Lord Hartwood duly called at Mrs. Sainton's tiny flat and was received as a highly valued friend. This, however, was her manner to all men and did not necessarily mean very much. On the other hand, no one would have imagined that the other party to the tete-a-tete was the individual who had so positively and insultingly declined to be the lady's father-in-law.

As time rolled on Lord Hartwood became a very constant visitor at the flat. He usually brought flowers or sweets, but never jewelry, which Mrs. Sainton would have preferred. In time he began to tell her all his movements, or, perhaps, as much as he thought fit, just as if she were his natural confidant. She learned in this way that he drove a coach, which was tantalizing, for he did not invite her, and she knew why.

He gave her to understand that he had absolute control of the greater part of the property and that as the old entail had expired the existing entail only covered the dower house and Fawnton, excluding Hartwood Castle. She very soon perceived, moreover, that he was master of his own family, that the girls were mere ciphers and that Lord Fawnton's wishes and opinions were of no account whatever if they ran counter to those of his father.

Mrs. Sainton meditated deeply over this extraordinary friendship. There was not the smallest sign that Lord Hartwood was disposed to relent. She caught him up once and inquired:

"But why could not I go as your friend also?"

He shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman.

"Because, fair lady, no one would believe it. They would say that it was a formal recognition of—you understand."

She understood only too well.

"Then you are still determined?" she said sullenly.

"More determined than ever. Then it was because I did not consider the match suitable to him; now it is because I don't think it suitable for you. You might do much better. You might marry a man of more suitable age, who is not dependent on any one, who worships the ground you tread on and would treat every wish of yours as a command from the throne."

It was impossible to misunderstand his meaning. Mrs. Sainton's usually cool head began to grow hot and her brain dizzy. The prospect on the one side was so brilliant that it darkened the other.

"Then why doesn't he ask me?" she murmured, and the palpitation of her breast showed the depth of her emotion.

"Because that engagement stands between. If that were once at an end"—

"I will break it off!" she cried abruptly. "I was a fool! I did not know my own mind, and I did not know you then. You have made me see things so differently. Of course he is a mere boy compared to me."

That very day Mrs. Sainton sat down and wrote to Lord Fawnton how it had been borne in unto her that she had no right to cause strife between father and son, and her conscience would not allow her to do so any longer. She therefore had decided to release him from his engagement, and, while she would ever be his friend and wish him well, she thought it better that they should not meet for some time.

Lord Fawnton was in despair at her letter. He wrote in the most impassioned strain begging her to recall her words and see him once more to plead his cause. She replied briefly, asking him not to write to her again.

Then he informed his father that all was over and that he proposed to travel for awhile. To which Lord Hartwood replied:

"Certainly. Draw on me for what you want and let me know about any introductions."

Mrs. Sainton had expected Lord Hartwood to fly to her side immediately. Several days passed, and he did not appear. She wrote to him chiding him gently. In reply she received the following note:

"The Earl of Hartwood presents his compliments to Mrs. Sainton and, understanding from his son that she has broken off her engagement, is quite at a loss to see any reason for an interview."

Then it was that Mrs. Sainton remembered that Lord Hartwood had been a diplomatist.

But when Lord Fawnton, in obedience to his father's prompting, proposed to Miss Jargontoste she refused him, telling him plainly that she did not intend to be merely a buttress to a great house.

Further, it appeared later that old George had been unwise enough to indulge in a good looking secretary. But that is another story.—London World.

Cubans Enforcing the Law.

HAVANA, Sept. 17.— Advices from Matanzas report that the Cuban troops are maintaining order and enforcing the rights of property with rigid severity in that district. The advices state that yesterday afternoon a colored man named Domingo Aldma was tried by Court-martial and shot on the estate of Los Angeles for having stolen, the day before, an ox belonging to the estate. In the same district another prisoner, Domingo Pichardo, who was accused of a minor theft, was delivered to the Spanish outposts at Los Molinos. These acts are looked upon as evidencing the sincerity of the Cuban troops in their efforts to enforce law and order. At the same time the Cuban troops throughout the island are suffering woefully from lack of food and clothing, and their condition demands immediate attention and relief in order to prevent serious outbreaks of disease.

— "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Not exactly," she replied; "but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister that he intended to marry into our family."

BREAKING BRONCHOS.

Desperate Struggles Between the Wild Horse and Its Trainer.

From the day of its birth the broncho colt knows life as a constant battle for existence. Wolves and coyotes ceaselessly watch for opportunities to tear it down, bears and mountain lions lurk by the watercourses and in the foothills to devour it, rattlesnakes infest all the good grazing lands, badgers dig treacherous traps for its feet and cruel droughts in summer and terrible blizzards in winter assail its life.

One day in autumn, when the elders of the herd are about ready to abandon the plains and lead the way to some sheltered valley for winter quarters, the colt has a new and horrible experience. Mounted men, swinging snaky coils of rope, surround the herd, dashing through it to and fro as if selecting victims. The colt finds himself the object of the unwelcome attentions. Suddenly something tightens about his neck, his breathing stops, the blood rushes to his brain and he plunges headlong to the ground. When he recovers, his legs are tied together; he is powerless, and the man is probably sitting on his head. Then comes a moment of sharp agony, and he is branded for life as somebody's property. In a few seconds after that cruel indignity is put upon him he finds his limbs free and is allowed to spring up and scamper away. For a year or two more he will have nothing to apprehend.

It is the intent on the great horse ranches of the west, where bronchos are raised by hundreds and even thousands, that the young animals shall be broken when 3 or 4 years old at the furthest 5. But the ranges upon which the animals are allowed to seek their own pasturage are of vast extent, and frequently a little band of horses will manage to seclude themselves when the spring "breaking season" arrives, so that some of them reach the age of 6 or 7 years unbroken. It is often actually impossible to conquer the wildness of such mature horses. They will fight until exhausted.

In the regular process of breaking a broncho is first lassoed in a high walled corral, thrown and "hog tied"—his feet bound together—to prevent his kicking or striking while the saddle is being strapped on him. A halter around his nose is the nearest practicable approximation to a bridle. Then he is blindfolded and allowed to rise. The hoodwink seems to stun him with surprise and alarm, so that he stands still long enough for the breaker to leap into the saddle, and the blind is at the same instant removed.

The broncho leaps high and comes down stiff legged, with his four feet close together and his back arched like a camel's hump. He bends his spine down so that it is like a cross section of a trough and then bows it up with a sudden shoot that would toss an unskillful rider far above him. Again he leaps and turns half around in the air, leaps up and sidewise at the same time, up and forward, up and backward, each time coming down with his legs stiff as posts; makes an enormous jump and, landing on his fore feet, kicks with his hind ones as if trying to reach the sky, dashes ahead a few wild plunges and stops suddenly and is liable at any moment to rear straight up and throw himself backward to catch and mash the rider he cannot unseat.—New York Herald.

"Not Worth a Curse."

Curse, anything worthless. Corruption of the old English word kerse, a small, sour wild cherry; French, cerise; German, kirsch. "Vision of Piers Plowman:"

Wisdom and witt nowe is not worth a kerse,
But if it be carded with cootis as clothers
Kembe their woole.

The expression "not worth a curse" used frequently nowadays is therefore not properly profane, though it is frequently intensified by a profane expletive. Horne Tooke says from kerse or cress. The expression "not worth a tinker's curse" may or may not have arisen from misapplication of the word's origin, though as now used it certainly means curse in its usual sense.

Tinkers do curse, unfortunately, and it will take a good deal of school board work to educate them out of it as well as a fair amount of time. The phrase "not worth a tinker's damn" is evidently a variation of this, unless, indeed, it should be spelled "dam" and used as a reference to the general worthlessness of the wives and mothers of tinkers. The latter is merely offered to those who are speculative in such matters and is not advanced as an opinion.—Slang Dictionary.

Serious.

Bildeck—I saw the doctor's carriage at your house yesterday. Anything serious?

Gasser—I should say so. He wanted to collect his bill.—London Tit-Bits.

In England 233 families live in houses which pay more than $5,000 a year rent, while 3,625,000 pay less than $100 a year for their houses.

— Look out for your influence. It may be greater than you know.

— The habit of being always employed is a safeguard through life.

— Under present conditions in life in this country, liquor is the most persistent and insidious foe of the home.

A YOUNG HERO OF '76.

The Part That He Played In the Capture of Ticonderoga.

Of the boy heroes of the Revolution, the first and almost forgotten one was Nathan Beman. In the spring of 1775 he lived with his father, a farmer, near the village of Shoreham, which was opposite Fort Ticonderoga.

Farmer Beman was an American, devoted to the cause. Being of a roving disposition and fond of play, Nathan had often crossed the lake and formed the acquaintance of the boys whose fathers composed the garrison.

The little fellows had fine times under the walls of the fort, and every now and then Nathan went inside and saw how things were moving along there.

In the month of May Ethan Allen, at the head of the famous Green Mountain Boys, came up through the forest to surprise and capture, if possible, the fort and its garrison.

The expedition with which Benedict Arnold was connected was composed of three divisions, one of which was to capture some boats at Skenesboro and send them down the lake to Allen and his men, who were to get them at Shoreham, but when the renowned Green mountain leader reached the latter village, in nighttime, not a single boat awaited him.

This was a bitter disappointment, for Allen had but 83 men with him, and his position was one of great hazard. It looked like madness to assail with this small force an armed place like Ticonderoga, yet it was still more dangerous to remain idle.

"We can't wait for boats, my boys," exclaimed the intrepid Allen. "We must assault the fortress!"

In looking for a guide the Vermonter found Farmer Beman, who, as soon as he found out what was wanted, said:

"Why not take my boy? Nathan knows all about the fort. He's been all over it and knows the location of every rathole, inside and out."

The suggestion delighted Allen, and little Nathan was called in and questioned.

"I'll go, sir," he said at once. "I know the way to Delaplace's quarters, too, if you would want to find him."

Delaplace was the commandant, and of course the very person whom Allen wanted.

The spoil that fell into the hands of the victors amply repaid them for all the dangers they had faced, and the fort remained in the hands of the Americans until many months later, when it was abandoned and dismantled by General St. Clair.

The little party crossed the lake in such boats as were at hand. The oars were dipped silently in the starlit water, and no one spoke above a whisper. Morning was near at hand, and so much precious time had been lost that every moment had to be put to use.

When the patriots reached the opposite shore, their commander turned to Nathan Beman and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said quickly:

"We're ready now. Show us the way to the sallyport."

Guided by the farmer's son, the mountaineers moved toward the fort and, coming suddenly upon a sentry, heard the snapping of his fuselock and saw him run through a covered way within the walls.

"Quick!" cried the boy, looking up at Allen, and the soldiers sprang after the guide and made their way to the parade ground unopposed.

The enthusiasm of the patriots now broke forth in sounds of victory, which, reaching the ears of the British soldiers, caused them to spring from their pallets and rush from the barracks, only to be made prisoners as they appeared. Never was a surprise more complete, thanks to Nathan Beman.

When Allen had secured most of the garrison, he asked the boy to show the way to the commandant's rooms, and the two were soon running up the steps leading to them.

Bang, bang! went Allen's sword against the colonel's door, and the British officer hurried out of bed to answer the demand.—Lake George Mirror.

Women's Pockets.

Ladies 50 years ago when going on a journey by stagecoach carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking or nutting or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bedticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

— Compressed paper horse shoes are coming. The experiment has been tried in London with marked success. The new shoe requires no nails, but is secured to the hoof by means of a strong paste. It can be applied by anyone. Such an invention will be a godsend to the horses, as about half the modern shoers are about as fit to do the work properly as our printer's devil would be.

— The heat of comets is said to be 2000 times greater than red-hot iron.

He Was Not Fined.

According to the rules laid down by the Philadelphia department of public safety, any officer making a mistake and calling a patrol wagon without cause is subject to a fine of two days' pay. Quite recently one of the best and most efficient officers of the Thirteenth district went to call up the station house and inadvertently called the patrol. He was in an awful stew for a moment, but while swearing at himself for his carelessness he espied a well known local character approaching with a peculiarly unsteady gait. "Stop!" said the bluecoat, whose brain had suddenly absorbed a bright idea. "You've been drinking, and you will just help me out of a difficulty." "What have I done?" asked the man. "Oh, nothing, only I have made a mistake," replied the patrolmen, "and if the patrol comes you go to the station, and if it don't you can go along about your business. I've let you off many a time. Now you can help me." The patrol arrived, the victim was hustled into the wagon and taken to the station and locked up for the night. Of course he was discharged in the morning none the worse for his slumber on the hard bench. The officer to square himself handed over 50 cents to the man and chuckled to himself at the thought of how he had saved $5 by his ingenuity.—Philadelphia Record.

Southey and Longfellow.

Southey was doubtless Longfellow's peer in versemaking skill, says J. S. Tunison in The Atlantic, and we have the expert testimony of Mr. E. B. Tylor that Southey knew a great deal about savages. "Madoc" itself attests his learning. But well as that poem is constructed it has no aboriginal character. Its savages are devoid of racial character. They might as well be called ancient Gauls or Britons save for some external features of rites and customs. What was impossible for Southey once on a time is now impossible for everybody. In spite of daily additions to the knowledge of Indian lore, the Indian of the forest as he was has forever escaped from his conquerors. Nevertheless the world will always turn back to the figure of the North American wild man with curiosity. It will dwell on the pathos of the Indian's defeat in the struggle for existence and muse with melancholy interest on what he might have become. This is the opportunity of Hiawatha. It happened to Longfellow to depict the Indian at a time when it was still possible to know him as he had been at his best, to realize that he was capable of fine ideals and that these were not wholly impracticable. Thus he has done what can never be done by anybody else.

Her Ruse.

"Well," said Miss Twitters, "I think I am safe now."

"Safe from what?" asked Miss Kittish.

"Burglars."

"Were you in danger from burglars?"

"I think I was. Everybody is, more or less, but more especially an unprotected lady in a big house. I've been afraid of burglars ever since John and his wife went west and left me by myself."

"What have you done to insure safety?"

'I have bought four men's hats, of different styles and sizes, and I have hung them on the hatrack in the hall. When Mr. Burglar surveys the array, he will decide that there are too many men in that house to make his exploit as safe as he might wish, and he will go on to some other house. I rather flatter myself that this is a pretty good plan. Don't you think so?"—Harper's Bazar.

Sharks.

Sharks furnish a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod liver oil. The skin after being dried takes the polish and hardness of mother of pearl. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a most delicate dish. The Europeans, who do not appreciate the fins as a food, convert them into a fish glue. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of 100 vessels for the capture of the great fish.—Exchange.

Too Great a Risk.

"I wouldn't wear my hair down over my ears for anything."

"Don't you admire the fashion?"

"Yes, but suppose some man should propose and I didn't hear him?"—Chicago Record.

One Kind of Klondike.

Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now, is a regular Klondike.

Tom—That so? Rich?

Jack—Yes. Also cold and distant. —Chicago News.

Notice Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mamie Campbell, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 1st day of October, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

T. A. CAMPBELL, Adm'r.
Aug 31, 1898 10 5

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY

AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect August 7, 1898.

Lv Augusta	9 40 am	1 40 pm
Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	.....
Ar Anderson	.....	6 10 pm
Ar Laurens	1 20 pm	7 00 am
Ar Greenville	3 00 pm	10 15 am
Ar Glenn Springs	4 05 pm	.....
Ar Spartanburg	3 10 pm	10 20 am
Ar Saluda	5 33 pm	.....
Ar Hendersonville	6 03 pm	.....
Ar Asheville	7 00 pm	.....
Lv Asheville	8 28 am	.....
Lv Spartanburg	11 45 am	3 05 pm
Lv Glenn Springs	10 00 am	.....
Lv Greenville	12 01 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens	1 37 pm	8 80 pm
Lv Anderson	.....	7 00 am
Lv Greenwood	2 37 pm	.....
Ar Augusta	5 10 pm	11 10 am
Lv Calhoun Falls	4 44 pm	.....
Ar Raleigh	2 16 am	.....
Ar Norfolk	7 30 am	.....
Ar Petersburg	6 00 am	.....
Ar Richmond	8 15 am	.....
Lv Augusta	.....	2 55 pm
Ar Allendale	.....	5 00 pm
Ar Fairfax	.....	5 15 pm
Ar Yemassee	9 45 am	6 20 pm
Ar Beaufort	10 50 am	7 20 pm
Ar Port Royal	11 05 am	7 35 pm
Ar Savannah	.....	7 35 pm
Ar Charleston	.....	9 10 pm
Lv Charleston	.....	6 00 am
Lv Savannah	.....	6 50 am
Lv Port Royal	1 40 pm	8 30 am
Lv Beaufort	1 55 pm	8 40 am
Lv Yemassee	3 05 pm	9 45 am
Lv Fairfax	.....	10 51 am
Lv Allendale	.....	11 05 am
Ar Augusta	.....	1 10 pm

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Atlanta and all points on S. A. L.

Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savannah and all points.

Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

For any information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address

W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga.
E. M. North, Sol. Agent.
T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.